

take hold of the handle, and then you guided it, while I sent a message to your brother Robert, who was in the office at Lowestoft then? And the end of it was, 'Come home—come home!' When I repeated it over and over again, until I could do it quite well without your help."

I turned quickly round, but she was gazing intently at the fire, and did not perceive the startled look I gave her.

"Well," she continued, "the night before last, when you were away, I could not sleep for a long time after I went to bed; and when I did sleep, I dreamed—such a horrible dream! I thought I was in your office again; and I had fled there because I was chased by some Terrible Thing. I did not know what it was, but it was close behind me, and I thought nobody could save me but you. But you were not there, and so I seized the handle, and signed the words 'Come home—come home!' as you had taught me, thinking that would be sure to bring you. Then, when you did not come, I felt its hot breath on my neck, as if it were just going to clutch me in its dreadful arms, and I screamed so loud that I awoke. The room was all dark, and filled with smoke so thick that when I jumped up I fainted for want of air. And, O Willie, if you had not come just when you did, I might—"

"There, Maggie, don't let us think of what might have been, rather let us be thankful that we are spared to each other still."

SCENE IN A SODA SHOP.

We have no hesitancy in stating that among the able-bodied male adults of this city the very common beverage known as "soda water," and which is dealt out so unsparingly at every corner during the heated term, is considered, to use their own language, a "thin drink." But if this ingenious mixture of wind and water is termed "thin," strong liquors, such as whiskies, are altogether too "thick" for a steady warm weather drink, and so the imbibitor who must moisten his flues with some liquid refreshment seeks a pleasant combination of the two classes of drink, which forms a happy combination that exhilarates yet is not intoxicating. It is customary among these bibulous go-betweens to enter a drug store, call for soda water, name their syrup, at the same time giving a wink to the dispenser of the "slush" who takes the goblet, in which he places the syrup, then stoops down beneath the counter or retires to a back room, where by some mysterious chemical change, the contents are colored darkly, and the soda is then let in upon the mixture, which is handed to the customer with a wink from the clerk. So much for the process; now for the sequel.

Saturday a venerable gentleman from the country, who is a respectable church deacon, a Justice of the Peace, a member of the "Band of Hope," and a Good Templar in his native village, came to this city to trade a little in dry goods and purchase such agricultural implements as he needed to plant and cultivate his spring crops. The deacon is strictly temperate, and never looks upon the wine when it is red any more than he does when it is any other color. Unfortunately our old friend had suffered from ophthalmia in his early days, which left him with an optical peculiarity which caused his left upper eyelid to drop every few seconds, and to those not familiar with his infirmity gave him the appearance of winking intentionally.

The "Deac" is passionately fond of soda water and such light beverages. He loves to feel the gaseous compound coursing down his throat and creating internal commotions and typhoons, that, however endurable by older persons, throw babies into agony, and require prompt doses of peppermint; so Saturday, after he had bought a few shovels, and a Dolly Varden for his wife, he thought he would fill up with soda water and drive on towards home. He entered a drug store, inquired the price of the desired refreshment, then deposited his scrip and awaited his mixture.

"What syrup do you want?" said the urbane clerk, as he mopped off the marble counter with the same towel he used a moment before to remove the honest sweat from his brow.

"Oh, give me sarsaparilly; that is about as healthy as anything, I guess."

Here the deacon's eyelid went back on him and dropped quickly.

"All right," replied the fountain tender as he disappeared beneath the counter and came up a moment later with the drinking glass containing about three fingers of "sarsaparilly," to which he added the other ingredients, and handed it to the deacon.

The latter drained the contents to the very dregs, then brushed the froth from his mouth, smacked his lips and said, "That syrup is a little stronger than they generally make it, but my blood is out of order, and I guess I'll take another glass," at the same time his eyelid fluttered meaningly as before.

The dose was repeated, and the soda water bibber left the store. About half an hour later he entered another establishment where a sign announced "Soda and Mineral Water on draught."

It was noticed that the deacon walked as if he had the spring halt as he entered the door; his spectacles were upside down on his nose. He called for "Congress Water" at that place, saying he did not "feel quite right and was afraid he had used too much syrup in his soda water at the other store, or else he was bilious." His optical weakness exhibited itself as he spoke, and returning the wink, the clerk retired to a dark closet, then returning filled up the glass with plain "Congress" and gave it to our now "tightly slight" friend, who swallowed it without a murmur.

How many "sodas" the deacon stored away before he left the city we are unable to say, but he was found somewhat late in the day, asleep in his wagon, with a plow point for a pillow, and several yards of Dolly Varden calico gracefully draped about his person for a covering. He revived sufficiently to inform a stranger that he had been "dugged," and a subsequent visit to the localities where he had taken soda water developed the fact that his unfortunate habit of winking—a defect over which he had no control—was the cause of all his trouble. The soda water dispensers supposed him to be "one of the boys," and every time his eyelid dropped took the hint. The deacon escaped the "jim-jams," but says hereafter he will wear a blinder over that eye, when he purchases summer drinks, or else write his order on a slate.—*Cleveland Leader.*

A CRUSHING SARCASM.

Chief Justice Spofford, during the latter part of his official career, was about as brusque and biting as man could be, and in his bitter moods he was apt to be as ungenerous as he was sarcastic. When left to his own meditations, with nothing to ruffle his temper, his decisions were clear and compact, and his legal papers patterns of ornate erudition, and, moreover, his decisions were held as good and sufficient law of precedent.

Once upon a time Spofford was at the head of the bench holding a Court of Equity, and in the case under trial it became necessary for an attorney to prove the death of a certain man. This attorney was by name Wallington—a thin-visaged, nervous, buzzing fellow, who had the reputation of never letting go his hold upon a case until he had wrung the last possible dollar from it.

Wallington produced what he considered a sufficient proof of the death of the man in question; but the Judge would not accept it.

"That is no proof at all," was Spofford's emphatic remark.

The attorney brought forward other evidences, and still old Spofford shook his head.

"It will not do, sir. We cannot accept that as proof."

"Your Honor," cried Wallington, with much show of vexation, "pardon me if I deem your decisions extremely hard. Why will you not believe? I knew the man well to the day of his death; I saw him dead with my own eyes; and I attended his funeral. He was my client, your Honor."

"Your client?" exclaimed Spofford. "Why in the name of sense and reason didn't you state that fact in the first place? No wonder he died! We admit the proof. Go on, sir."

The Judge probably thought but little of the sarcasm at the time, but it proved a crusher for poor Wallington—so much so that he was forced to seek another field for the exercise of his profession.—*Ledger.*

NOTICE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. That cash entry for the Townsite of Bear River City, Box Elder County, Utah Territory, made July 12, 1872 embracing the following described lands, to wit: S E 1/4 and E 1/4 of NE 1/4 of Section 12 Township 10 North, Range 3 West, also lots 3 and 8 Section 7, Township 10 North Range 2 West, containing 339 1/4 acres, has been made in trust for the inhabitants thereof, and is now ready to be disposed of in lots to any person or persons entitled thereto.

All persons claiming to be owners or possessors of any portion of said entry, will take due notice and make the application as provided in the statutes of Utah.

SAMUEL SMITH,
Probate Judge, Box Elder Co.,
Brigham City, July 12, 1872. w25 3m

Z. C. M. I.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS

DEPARTMENT,

UP STAIRS, EMPORIUM BUILDINGS.

A full first class Stocks of

STAPLE DRY GOODS

NOTIONS,

BOOTS AND SHOES.

AT LOW PRICES!!

Wholesale Buyers and Co-operative Dealers, please inspect.

Retail Dep't,

EMPORIUM BUILDINGS.

THE FINEST DISPLAY

AND

Assortment of Goods

We cut in any lengths, at a small advance on wholesale.

This is the Department for Families.

GROCERY AND HARDWARE

DEPARTMENT,

Constitution Buildings.

urchasers can here find

An IMMENSE STOCK

And in each branch a Great Variety.

IMPLEMENTS, TOOLS and MACHINERY,

All on the premises.

Miners' Supplies a Specialty.

CLOTHING

DEPARTMENT.

HOME-MADE

AND

IMPORTED!!

Manufactured from

HOME-MADE,

FRENCH,

GERMAN,

ENGLISH and

AMERICAN

FABRICS

Fine Cassimeres, Cloths and Trimmings

On hand for Gentlemen ordering their own

First-class Fitters and Workmen to fill all orders promptly.

DRUG DEP'T.

FANCY AND STAPLE

DRUGS,

Patent Medicines,

Perfumery.

Liquors in great variety

English Ale and Porter, Averill Paint, White Lead, Oils, Colors, Glass, etc.

Prescriptions from Physicians will have special attention.

H. B. CLAWSON, Supt.

NOTICE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. That where-as cash entry No. 907, for the Townsite of Peoa, Summit Co. Utah Territory, made June 21, 1872, embracing the following described lands, to wit: N E 1/4 of Sec. 23, W 1/4 of S E 1/4 and N E 1/4 of S E 1/4 of Sec. 23, in Township 1, South of Range No. 5 East, containing 208 acres, has been made in trust for the inhabitants thereof, and is now ready to be disposed of in lots to any person or persons entitled thereto.

All persons claiming to be owners or possessors of any portion of said entry, will take due notice and make the application as provided in the statutes of Utah.

F. A. HINKLEY, Probate Judge.
w 20 3m

LA BELLE WAGONS.

FACTORY ESTABLISHED 1863, AT FOND DU LAC, WISCONSIN.

All Work Warranted for One Year.

FARMERS & FREIGHTERS, ATTENTION

WE are now receiving a full supply of these Superior Farm and Freight Wagons. The La Belle Wagons have been thoroughly tested the past season in the canyons and in heavy freighting between Salt Lake City and Pioche, and have given the best of satisfaction in all cases and for light draft they cannot be beaten. The timber is of the very best quality from Northern Wisconsin and from three to four years seasoned. As the Factory builds nothing but Farm and Freight Wagons, the timber is carefully selected, and only the best put into Wagons.

Dry Wagon Stock of all Kinds for Sale.

Depot 1 1/2 Blocks South of Theatre, State Road

C. H. DeGROAT, Agent.

Salt Lake City, March 12, 1872 w19 6m

NOTICE

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. That cash entry for the Townsite of Gosper, Utah Territory, made July 8, 1872 embracing the following described lands, to wit: The S E 1/4 of Sec. 11, S W 1/4 of Sec. 12, N W 1/4 of Sec. 13, N E 1/4 of Sec. 14, Township 10 South of Range 1 West, containing 160 acres, has been made in trust for the inhabitants thereof, and is now ready to be disposed of in lots to any person or persons entitled thereto.

All persons claiming to be owners or possessors of any portion of said entry, will take due notice and make the application as provided in the statutes of Utah.

GEO. W. BEAN, Probate Judge.
Provo City, July 9, 1872. w23 3m

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE in my possession the following described cattle:

One red cow branded J H on left hip, slit in left ear, dewlap up.
One brown cow, branded (circle open below) on right shoulder, crop off right ear, white in face.

One white steer three years old, upper left in both ears. (inverted, long stem) on left thigh L on ribs.

One red steer two years old, the same mark and brands.

One ran cow, crop and under in right ear, under half crop in left, W on right hip.

One brown heifer, 3 years old, brand not legible, swallow fork in under left in right ear.

One yearling brindle heifer, no marks nor brands.

One black bull, no brand, end of left ear notched up.

One red yearling heifer, brockle face, no brands.

One red yearling heifer, line back, no marks or brands.

One black yearling heifer, no marks or brands, little white in face.

One red yearling steer, little white in face, belly and tail, no brands.

One red three year old heifer, slit in left ear, no brands.

One brindle two year old heifer, W in end of right ear, no brands.

One brindle cow and belly and yearling, I and CI (combined) on left hip.

One red cow, slit and underbit in left ear, under half crop in right, branded WIL (combined) on left hip.

One red yearling heifer no marks or brands.

One red yearling bull, no marks or brands.

One light red steer, square nose in left ear, branded GN (combined) and F (in circle) on left ribs.

One early red yearling heifer, no marks or brands.

One brindle and white cow, branded 9 on left hip, swallow fork in both ears.

One brindle and white steer, under and up-perbit in right, brand not legible.

One speckled two year old bull, no marks or brands.

One red stag, four years old, branded (circle open below with two downward stems) on left thigh, swallow fork in right ear.

One white steer, four years old, branded UR (combined) on left hip.

HORSES:

One Iron grey stud horse, no brands.

One two year old bay mare, no brands.

Four yearling bay mares, no brands.

One brown horse, yearling, white face, no brands.

One yearling brown mare, star in face, no brands.

One yearling iron grey mare, no brands.

One two year old yellow mare and colt, no brands.

One three year old black horse, no brands.

One three year old bay horse, white face, no brands.

Two two year old barrel horses, no brands.

One four year iron grey mare and colt, no brands.

One yearling black mare, no brands.

One large orange mare, 8 years old, branded X on left shoulder, white strip in face, white hind feet.

One bay two year old horse colt, no brands.

One bay three year old horse, branded H on left hip.

One bay mare 3 years old, branded JJ on left hip.

Beaver County, WILLIAM J. FLAKE, Poundkeeper
July 29th, 1872. d214-s2-w27 1c